

# The Lexington Intelligencer.

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## STONE OUTLINES HIS POLICY

### He Expresses His Thanks to The Legislature.

#### IS A PARTY MAN OF STRICTEST SECT.

"Yet, Above Party all Right-thinking Men Should Place their Country."

Mr. Stone was not present when the vote was taken but, on hearing the result, he sent to the legislature the following letter:

"To the senators and representatives of the forty-second general assembly: Gentlemen: The afternoon papers of today inform me that on the vote taken today in the senate and house of representatives for United States Senator I received a majority in both houses. Under the law a joint session will be held tomorrow for the purpose of declaring result as expressed in the separate action of the two houses today, and assuming that my election to the senate will be then formally announced, I desire to express to you my grateful appreciation of the honor conferred upon me. This I would do in person, except for the fact that an important business engagement makes it almost imperative that I should be absent from the state tomorrow.

"I think I am duly cognizant of the grave responsibility of the high station to which you have elected me, and I know I will have a difficult task to uphold the prestige Missouri's representatives in the senate has won for the state.

"I am not without misgivings, but I have the courage to hope that I may so deport myself as to justify, in some substantial measure, the confidence with which you have honored me.

"You know that on political lines I am not only a democrat, but a party man of strictest sect; yet above party, all right-thinking men should place the country. Politics are but the agencies through which ends are accomplished. I believe the principles and purposes of the democratic party, if enforced in practical government, would best promote the public welfare.

"I would labor, therefore, to make the democratic party, a mighty, uplifting, dominating force in our public life, but this I would do on high lines, fully recognizing that thousands of my countrymen, equally solicitous for the public weal, do not agree with me or my party on many questions of great public moment.

"Therefore, while we strive, as we should, to advance on the lines we deem the best, we should at the same time, be just, even liberal, to those who honestly disagree with us.

"Always a democrat and a partisan when occasion needs, I shall nevertheless make it my constant aim and ambition to so represent all the people and so guard all the great interests of the state and nation as to prove myself worthy to bear the commission of this noble Commonwealth. "I have the honor to be your very obedient servant,

WM. J. STONE "

#### Bank Resolutions.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Morrison-Wentworth bank on January 14th, 1903, the following testimonial was presented by Capt. S. J. Andrew and adopted:

Resolved, That we have received the announcement of the death of Captain Barnett with profound sorrow.

Captain Joseph R. Barnett, who died December 27th, 1902, aged 74 years, was one of the nine directors of this bank, having been elected to that place January 8th, 1890, and had become a stockholder July 1st, 1880. We, his fellow directors, would emphasize the statement of his friend who says, "He was a man esteemed very highly by all who knew him for his integrity of character and for the uprightness of his life as a neighbor and fellow citizen. His influence and example will long be felt in the community in which he lived and

moved for so many years." And we express our admiration of those "noble traits of character" that distinguished him all through life, namely, sincerity of purpose and fidelity to duty."

He was a conscientious man, kind and considerate of the feelings and rights of others in all his business, and above all and best of all was a Christian gentleman.

His associations with us were always of the most agreeable character. He took a warm interest in all the work of this institution and was a faithful helper and a valued counselor. His kindness and courtesy won for him many friends. To the wide circle of his personal admirers we would express the sense of their loss and ours in his death. To his bereaved widow we would hereby extend our deepest sympathy, praying that the God of all comfort may give her sufficient grace and support her in this time of deep sorrow.

RICHARD FIELD, President.  
SAM'L J. ANDREW, Secretary.

#### B. & L. Association.

The last statement of the Building and Loan Association was submitted to the directors at their meeting held Friday night of last week. It showed that the sixth series had practically matured, being worth \$199.65; only \$36 short of being fully matured, the other shares being worth as follows:

SERIES.	BOOK VALUE.	CASH VALUE.
7th	\$172.31	\$172.31
8th	147.78	141.37
9th	125.34	117.25
10th	106.42	99.10
11th	87.25	81.22
12th	69.47	64.88
13th	53.04	49.87
14th	37.75	35.88
15th	23.55	22.78
16th	10.33	10.00

By the maturing of the sixth series seven shares are completely paid for and two partially; each share of this series has made \$70.65.

The association will open subscription books to its seventeenth series on the 2d day of February, books kept open to March 1st; 100 shares will be offered. Parties applying will be required to pay \$1.50 for each share, this being the first month's dues of \$1.00 and the entrance fee of 50c. If after the books are closed it is found that more than 100 shares have been subscribed for they will be assigned to the subscribers by lot, in a fair and impartial manner as has heretofore been done.

The president, vice-president and secretary were appointed a committee to list by lot the free shares of the seventh series, and they will be called in during the year in the order listed and paid off.

It is hardly necessary to say that the association has been of great benefit to our citizens and that it is better fitted now than ever to continue the good work. Any one wanting to buy a home or build one or pay a mortgage is invited to call on the secretary at any time. An impression seems to have gone abroad that borrowers from the association pay excessive interest. This is not true. The secretary will be glad to explain the matter to inquirers.

#### To Build Soon.

E. J. McGrew will build a three story building on the northwest corner of Eleventh and Main streets. The building will be of pressed brick and will be 40x75 feet. The first story will be two store rooms, the ceiling of these rooms will be of pressed steel. The second story will be fitted up for offices while the third story will be used for lodge purposes. The entire building will be fitted up with all the modern conveniences. The brick will be furnished by the Lexington Pressed Brick Company, and it is more than probable that the contract for building will be let to some one in Lexington and the work will begin about the first of March. Mr. McGrew informs us that he has rented all three stories. This will undoubtedly be one of the best equipped buildings in the state and will add very much to the value of property on Main street. It further evinces the confidence of one of our best business men in the future of Lexington.

## LEE MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVED BY U. D. C.

With Befitting Ceremonies His Birthday is Celebrated by the Local Chapter.

### CROSSES OF THE LEGION OF HONOR CONFERRED.

Speech of Mr. R. N. Cook—Programme of Exercises—List of the Recipients of Crosses.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, according to the programme published last week, celebrated with befitting ceremonies Lee Memorial Day—January 19. The court house was filled with a representative audience to which old and young contributed in about equal numbers.

After a reville, sounded upon a cornet by Captain Drey, and a touching invocation by Dr. E. C. Gordon, a chorus consisting of Miss Ethel Gibbs, Miss Stella Ryland, Mrs. M. D. Wilson and Messrs. W. H. Chiles, J. R. Moorehead, Douglas Meigs and Dr. Ramsey, to an organ and cornet accompaniment by Miss Ella Nickell and Capt. Day, sang "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." Later on in the programme the same chorus sang "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Maryland, My Maryland"—songs which ever stir the Southern heart.

Mrs. J. H. Campbell, president of the local chapter, in a ringing speech told first of the significance and intent of this particular occasion and passed on to the larger purposes of the state and national organization, which she said were to properly mark the resting places of their dead, to care for and honor the living, and to teach the oncoming generation to revere the memories of their fathers and to honor the cause for which they suffered.

In closing she introduced Mr. R. N. Cook, the orator of the occasion, who in polished phrase and with wealth of historical allusion dwelt upon the heroism of the Southern men and women and of the spotless character and faultless leadership of Lee, who was the very inflorescence of southern chivalry.

After a chorus, "My Old Kentucky Home," Miss Frances Bowen Smith, of Central College, first touched and then amused the audience with two readings: "The Sword of Lee," by the soldier-priest Father Ryan, and "De Planner Juet," a negro dialect story of war times, by a young Alabama author, Martha S. Glaw, a friend of Miss Smith's. Then Miss Ethel Gibbs, of the Baptist College, foreordained to an encore, sang "Dixie"—she would have been encored because it was Miss Gibbs and she would have been encored because it was "Dixie." Miss Elizabeth Groves read the regulations governing the awarding of Southern Crosses of the Legion of Honor, after which Mr. Frank Bowman in touching and appropriate words made the presentation speech. The ladies of the chapter then pinned on the breast of the following veterans the crosses of honor: Capt. W. D. Rankin, Messrs. W. S. Beck, John Mulligan, Young Hicklin, Geo. W. Marquis, G. W. Garr and W. S. Edwards. Dr. Charles Manly, in behalf of the veterans, responded to Mr. Bowman's presentation speech, and after another song by the chorus, "Maryland, My Maryland," he made a brief address—a fine critical appreciation of Jefferson Davis. The audience was dismissed with "taps" sounded on a cornet.

The programme combined entertainment and impressiveness. The presentation of the crosses was a fitting honor to men who cherished a conviction enough to fight for it. And the whole ceremony was calculated to make some impression upon a younger generation—a generation in which the cankerous vice is leviety.

The speech of Mr. Cook was as follows:

Madam President, Daughters of the Confederacy, Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I think myself highly honored by your kind invitation to perform this pleasant duty; but on this natal day of our Southern chieftain and this special occasion it might have been

more in keeping with military conventionality had some gray haired hero, with memory vivid from the scenes of battle, been called upon to address you. Perhaps, since the cruel call of more than two score years has summoned many of them to lay down their arms and cease the battle of life's conflicts, it is not far amiss that some son, who, like Hannibal, has been sworn at the altar, should lead a helping hand to the ever faithful daughters in their mission of love.

Your organization is unique in the annals of history as well as the cause to which you have consecrated your lives. By your love and devotion you have decorated the sacred mounds of our confederate dead with the first flowers of the spring time, and with your tears, mingled with the dew of the morning, you have kept verdant the sprig of evergreen planted at the head of their graves; while with chaplets of love and esteem you have crowned the brow, and with insignia of honor you have decked the breasts of those comrades yet in the ranks. Other organizations may have carried the ark of the covenant with its sacred jewels in the van of the rising generations, but you are the vestal virgins that have kept the fires of truth burning on the altar of every home.

"May you return late into heaven"

I know I have your pardon for a personal allusion without the asking. In those bitter years of reconstruction, back in dear old North Carolina, often have I sat in my childhood days by the glowing fire at eventide and listened with childish emotion, while father with bowed head told and retold of the bloody scenes of carnage through which he had passed and mother would recall the sufferings and the sacrifices of loved ones at home; and I fancied that, some day, some time, the white dove of peace, it might be with wounded wing, would sail back over our Southland, bearing the olive branch, and that prosperity once more would make a smiling and a happy land. When the evening prayer was said and the fire burned low, in my dreams I fancied that the immortal Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson would be maligned and traduced on the pages of history; that our fathers would be pilloried as rebels and traitors, who had, without cause or excuse, drenched the land with the blood of unoffending patriots; that the ragged remnant of more than a half a hundred battles—their homes desecrated and their fields barren—could never convince posterity that they had enlisted under freedom's banner and that they had taken up their arms in defense of home.

But time rolled on. The Sunny South began to bloom as in days of yore. The ragged soldier with bowed head and tottering step became a plumed knight once more. His sword had been sheathed at Appomattox but never surrendered; and when the smoke of battle had cleared away he calls together his sons and daughters, like King Arthur upon the altar of the Solid South to defend his honor and that of his illustrious chief with tongue and pen, as bravely as he had done with sword and bayonet. Then, in the language of that old plantation melody,

"If you belong to Gideon's Band,

Here's my heart and here's my hand."

Heaven helps those who help themselves, and history honors those who help to make their honors known. Then let us prize and defend our heritage, richer than fields of golden grain and more to be desired than coronets of kings.

We are told that the rods of classic lore were carved from living stone and placed in the Pantheon of the seven hilled city, before whom through

of humble worshippers daily bowed in reverential awe; but by and by a star in the East was seen, and the banqueting halls of the gods on Mt. Olympus were closed forever. The lowly Nazarine had conquered Death—the sublimest scene the world has ever witnessed,—yea, it was divine.

And with profound reverence for this scene on Golgotha's brow the decree has gone forth: "Post no sublimity on history."

But with becoming modesty and reverence history faithfully tells the story of him "Who Never Knew Defeat," of the "Foremost Man of all the World," of "The Champion of Christianity and Civilization," of "The Hero of the Third Crusade," of "Scotland's Warrior King," of "The Defender of the Civil Freedom," of "The Hero of Trafalgar," of "The Man of Destiny," of "The Greatest Man of a Great Age," of "The Liberator of Italy," of "The Father of His Country," and the sweet singing laureate has painted, as if with a master's stroke, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

But who will carve on the gilded dome of the Temple of Fame the name of "The Hero of the Lost Cause"—the brightest star in the galaxy of military glory;

"A life that all the Muses decked  
With gifts of grace, that might express  
All comprehensive tenderness."

But honor Robert E. Lee! In vain, in vain! Faeble pens cease to write and eloquent tongues grow silent in the attempt. He excels honor. He was Rex, Roi, Koenig, King; his manner of life rendered him worthy to rule and his every deed proclaimed him a king among men.

Amid the roar of cannon, or around the family altar, crowned with victory, or bowed with defeat, he was ruler, regulator king. His greatness never waxes, his glory never grows dim. On this six and ninetieth anniversary, more than a hundred, forty and four thousand sons and daughters, whose fathers followed the stars and bars,—brave knights as ever hurled a lance—guided by the star of hope until it reached its zenith in the fiery path of Mars, whose courage never failed when it set behind the cloud of death and desolation,—these sons and these daughters, true to their birthright and true to that cavalier blood that extorted the Magna Charta from King John on the meadows of Runnymede, are gathered in every village and hamlet of Dixie, to commemorate and perpetuate those deeds of valor of which mortal man might well be proud. They have gathered on the foot hills of Pennsylvania where Pickett dipped his banner in the crimson tide, on the banks of the Rappahannock, blushing with the blood of those who fell at Chancellorsville, on the banks of the Shenandoah, which will forever murmur the name of Stonewall Jackson, in the Palmetto state, bleeding from the iron heel of Sherman, in the "Lone Star" state, kissed by the Rio Grande and bathed by the Gulf, and on the fertile plains of old Missouri, whose waving fields of grain chant the victories of Price. And may the god of battles enable them to ever keep sacred the memory of those who fell unconquered, but weary of victory."

A glorious history is a nation's noblest heritage. Heroes never die; great deeds live forever.

That gallant French army electrified and led by the "Man of Destiny," although "The Nemesis of the North, more savage than Goth or Vandal, mounting the swift gales of a Russian winter, had carried death, desolation and ruin to the very gates of Paris," wrote their names in blood on the fatal field of Waterloo, which neither time nor time can efface. On that dark day, June 18th, 1815, when the Imperial guard was ordered in to drive back the oncoming foe—the combined batteries of England and Prussia—"Marshall Ney, wild, and grand in the consciousness of accepted death,—bleeding, muddy, magnificent, and holding a broken sword in his hand," placed himself at the head of the old guard and shouted, "Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the field of battle." Grand, noble, sublime word! An inspiration to

Concluded on page four.

## AT LAST PANAMA WINS

The Treaty with Colombia Signed at Last.

### PRECISE TERMS NOT MADE PUBLIC.

Colombia Yielded Sovereignty—Price the Last Issue.

The treaty between the United States and Colombia for the construction of the Panama canal by the United States was signed yesterday in Washington City.

Fears had been entertained until this week that Colombia would not be willing to accede to the wishes of the United States in the matter and that recourse to the Nicaraguan canal project might be forced on the government of the United States. But this week events took a more favorable turn, and Colombia transmitted instructions and authority to Dr. Heriain, its representative in the United States, that made possible a conclusion of the long negotiations.

The principal obstacle for some time to the conclusion of the treaty, it is understood, has been the price that the United States has to pay in the shape of a cash payment and by way of annual rental for the strip of territory along each side of the canal right of way. It could not be learned what was the price finally agreed on.

Some time ago there was a hitch over the question of the extent to which control by the United States over this strip of land should go, Colombia objecting on the ground that the provisions requested in the treaty by the United States would mean a relinquishment of sovereignty by Colombia over part of her territory, but this matter was amicably adjusted, as was a difference as to the lifetime of the lease of the strip of land in question, the final result being a practical cession in perpetuity of the strip to the United States for canal purposes and incidental police control and protection of the canal right of way.

#### Married Wednesday.

Married, at noon Wednesday, January, 21, at the residence of Rev. John K. Dunn, in Kansas City, Mr. David O. Heathman, of this city, and Miss Clara E. Dawson, of Liberty.

Miss Dawson is not unknown in this city, having been a visitor here several years ago, on which occasion Mr. Heathman met her. He has been a faithful suitor ever since.

Mr. Heathman is deputy constable of Lexington township and is well and favorably known to everybody in it.

His friends began to suspect his matrimonial intentions a few months ago when he bought a house on College street. He gave to its repairs and beautifying such an amount of his personal care and attention that the neighbors could not believe he meant to rent it. And then he was too happy. He tried to take the world seriously, but couldn't. While he may have surprised his friends in the matter of date, the final outcome was confidently expected.

Mr. Heathman and bride returned to Lexington Wednesday evening, where many friends welcomed them with best wishes.

#### End of the Hickman Case.

Final action has been taken by the president and secretary of war in the case of First Lieutenant Edwin A. Hickman, of the First cavalry, tried by court martial on the charge of having administered the water cure to certain Filipino prisoners in order to extort information regarding the movements of native bands of marauders. The military court acquitted Hickman of the charge.

The president indorsed the papers with the simple word "disapproved," evidently intending thereby to deprecate the employment of the "water cure" without, however, affecting the judgement of the court martial in acquitting the officer on the general ground that its employment in this instance was justified by the circumstances.